

# PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

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## THE BANNER

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A certain member of Congress from one of the eastern States was speaking one day, on some important question, and became very animated, during which sat a brother member, his opponent on the question, smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from ——— was laughing at him. "I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply. "O, I make monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment; for nature has saved you the trouble." The humor was distinct, but he heard amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

An amiable correspondent—"Dontifrice"—wishes to see the following lines in print:

**FAMILY JARS.**  
Jars of jelly, jars of jam,  
Jars of pickled beef and ham,  
Jars of poultry, geese and turkeys,  
Jars of orange marmalade,  
Jars of pickles, all home made,  
Jars of cordials, home made wine,  
Jars of honey, superior,  
Would the only jars were there  
That occur in families!

In the way of Sepulchral literature, says the Knickerbocker, we remember nothing better than the following, copied from an old Scottish tomb stone:

Here lies the body of Alexander M'Pherson  
Who was a very extraordinary person  
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,  
And kept his countenances clean and neat.  
He was slow  
At the battle of Waterloo;  
He was shot by a bullet  
Plunged through the chest,  
I went in at his throat,  
And came out at the back of his coat.

Being "sleered" in this way is a worse death than the Pennsylvania legislator, who came to his end, in the language of a colleague by being "sleered" from a horse.  
The above is good, very good, indeed; but nothing to compare with the beautiful epitaph written by Mr. John Ollapod, of Pennsylvania, on the death of his two infant children:

Here lie mine babes so dead as mine,  
Not God has killed me, but I have;  
He would not let 'em stay with me,  
So took 'em home to stay with me.  
The same gentleman also wrote his own epitaph, which runs thus:  
"Here lies the body of Zhanu Ollapod—  
Have mercy on his soul, O God;  
As he would do if he was God,  
And God was old Zhanu Ollapod."

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat, and when the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied—  
"No, we didn't give it to him."  
"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, "is the child living?"  
"Yes, answered the father, but the cat isn't—we gave it to her."

Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally? asked a country deacon of the new minister.  
"Why, do you understand those languages?"  
"No, but we pay for the best, and ought to have it."

Willow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so and wear the sheets all out, if you are dying."

One of our Western villages passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquors on the Sabbath to any person except travellers. The next Sunday every man in town was walking around with a valise in one hand and a pair of saddle-bags in the other.

Hens and chickens should never be allowed to amuse themselves, as it always results in foul play.  
A Yankee has invented a new kind of soap, by which mothers will hereafter be able to get their daughters off their hands.

From Peterson's Magazine.

"NOT A BIT JEALOUS."

BY CLARA MORETON.

## CHAPTER I.

"Horace, I have something unpleasant to say to you. Will you hear it now?" said Mrs. Clifford to her husband.  
"I see no way of escape," said Horace, looking up from the volume which lay open on the table before him, but which he was not reading; for steadily as his eyes had been fixed upon the page, his thoughts had been far enough away—  
"What is it?"

"You promise not to be angry."  
"I promise no such thing. If you are going to read me one of those hum drum lectures, that you've got into the way of doing lately, I promise that I will be angry. I will not submit to be lectured by any woman, wife or no wife."  
"Horace! There was a shade of reproach in the tone.  
"Well, Come, out with it. What is it?"

"I think you are very unkind to speak so about it, and call it lecturing. I only wish to tell you some things I have heard about Miss Merlin, and caution you about your intimacy."  
"Caution me," laughed Horace, looking a little embarrassed nevertheless—  
"Well, that is a good one. Jealous again, ha? Have you forgotten my pretty cousin, Kate, whom you were foolish enough to think I loved?"

Julia's face crimsoned.  
"You are always bringing that up, Horace," she said. "I am sure I think it ungenerous after I acknowledged my error. Miss Merlin is very different."  
They say she makes it her boast that she can bring any man, married or single, to her feet if she chooses."

"They say,"—admirable authority—  
Of course, everything 'they say' is true. If you can't find anything better to do when you are down stairs than to listen to the scandal mongers, I advise you to keep in your room. Miss Merlin is a woman of genius; and all their petty gossip will not prevent her from receiving the admiration and attention of those men who have a mind above wax work and doll-dabbles."

Tears stood in Julia's eyes, an angry reply trembled on her lips; but controlling herself, she only said—  
"Oh, Horace, I wish we had never come here. I do so want to go back to Ashlea."

"Very well. Any day you choose—  
I have no objections."  
Julia fairly clapped her hands with joy.  
"Are you in earnest, Horace? Can we go back to Ashlea this very week?"

"You can. I said nothing about myself."  
Julia's eyes fell, and the tears, she could no longer repress, rolled down her cheeks.  
"Crying is your only argument, I believe. It is thrown away upon me, now that I am used to it. Come, Julia, I detect scenes."

But Julia only cried the harder; and Horace with a frown shut up his book in no gentle manner; and taking his broad brimmed Panama from the table, went out of the chamber.  
It was an August morning—in the height of the season at Saratoga; and Horace feeling no inclination to join the group of loungers on the piazza, sauntered up and down the hall.

The door of a private parlor stood ajar, for the morning was hot and sultry. "Is that you, Mr. Clifford?" called out a voice from within.  
Horace stopped in the doorway.  
"I thought you were at the bowling alley, Miss Merlin."

"My head prevented my going. I wish you would come and prescribe for it. It aches terribly."  
Horace did not refuse the invitation. He forgot his annoyance in the fascination of Miss Merlin's society, and she—in the excitement of his presence—her terrible headache.

Julia, alone in her chamber, thought over all the annoyance of the past week. They had come to Saratoga for a change of air on her husband's account; he having applied himself too closely to his pursuits; but the time allotted for their stay had more than expired, and still he lingered; making his excuse the benefit he derived from the waters; while Julia felt too keenly that it was Miss Merlin's attractions that enchained him.

She had such a long crying spell that morning, that she thought herself unfitted to make her appearance at the dinner table; and when her husband came in to arrange his toilet, she pleaded her headache as an excuse for not accompanying him to the table.  
"You can do as you choose," he said, "it is a matter of indifference to me."

She looked up reproachfully; her eyes suffused with tears.  
"I know it is a matter of indifference to you, Horace; but you might have spared me the pain of hearing it from your own lips."  
"You know well enough what I mean," he answered, sharply. "You thought you were going to punish me by staying up here; and I wish you to understand that I am not to be managed, in that way."

"I thought no such thing. Indeed, you do me injustice. What has changed you so?"  
"I am not changed. The change lies in you, if there is any. The truth is, that I do not like to be lectured every time I am introduced to a pretty woman, or every time I chat with a sensible one."

They are scarce enough, heaven knows."

"Miss Merlin is very beautiful, and every one says very talented; but, oh, Horace, with all her talent and beauty, she could never love you half as well as I do; or if she did, it would be a love that would bring you only shame and wretchedness. If you knew what suffering it was to me, to see you every day growing more and more—"

"Confound your preaching, Julia, I wish to gracious you'd go home. You are no more fit for a watering-place than a baby. If you could have your way, I suppose you would tie me to your apron-strings, and have me following you about like a lap dog. I should have thought that the bride and groom from the country, who were here to dinner the other day, would have been close enough for one season. Pish!"

Julia's lips quivered, her cheeks were aglow. Looking her husband steadily in the eyes, she said—  
"Are you in earnest in desiring me to go home?"

"Well, yes, I would be, if it was not for the looks of the thing," he answered, half laughing, but I suppose we both shall have to go before long. It is the first of the month I think that you expect your brother over. He will teach you some lessons in the usages of society, or I am mistaken. A five years' residence in Paris will enable him to 'take sides' with me, no doubt, and I sincerely hope that he will make you less of a hope. I never saw so dull a woman in company."

Julia could bear his fault-finding now, for he had taken her hand in his own, and really looked quite like himself once more.  
"I do not care how dull others think me, Horace; but I—"

"Well, I do," interrupted her husband. "A man likes to see his wife receive some attention; and you would have plenty, if you did not repel it whenever it is offered. Besides, one does not like to be made a laughing stock; and your devotion to me has frequently been the cause of remark. It has annoyed me not a little, let me tell you."

Julia's face grew crimson. She answered with much restraint of manner, "It shall not annoy you again."  
"Well, don't get angry about it; but profit by what I have said, and when in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"Do I understand by that, that you wish to see me first as other married ladies, here, are in the habit of doing?" and she looked into her husband's face.  
"Exactly so. I would not care a sou how desperately you flirted, so that I could only rid you of the foolish jealousy that you have in your composition."

Julia's face darkened for a moment, then she said—  
"And no matter how much attention I receive, nor how much pleasure I manifest in the society of other gentlemen, you are sure that you would never be the least jealous?"

"Never the least."  
"Then, Horace Clifford, you do not know what love is. You never have loved me."

"Fudge! Come, don't be so silly if you want me to keep on loving you. Just try to behave a little more like other folks for the remaining two weeks that we shall be here; and to begin with I advise you to come down to dinner. I never saw you looking better than you do at this moment."

Kissing his hand to her he left the room.  
Julia looked in the glass. Her excitement had indeed bestowed upon her a new charm—the charm of expression. She had aroused herself from the lethargy in which she had so long indulged, and with new resolves busy at her heart, she had prepared herself to carry out her husband's wishes. The light of a steady purpose gleamed from her eyes; and her woman's pride, stung to the quick by her husband's words, gave to her carriage a dignity which would have been supposed impossible to one of her usually listless, languid manner. Hitherto she had been careless almost negligent in her wardrobe. Now, she arrayed herself in one of her most elegant dresses—a costly grenadine sent by her brother from Paris. The delicate blue of the material harmonized well with her fresh, peach blossom complexion; and the string pearls that encircled her arms and neck were not more lustrous than those her smile disclosed.

Julia was beautiful. She knew it—she felt as after completing her toilet she surveyed herself in her glass. Conscious of her power, she went down to the parlors, and the first person upon whom her eyes fell were Miss Merlin and Horace, in an animated *tête-à-tête*. Once she would have lingered near them; but now she resolutely passed on, nodding carelessly. She joined a group in a far corner of the spacious room, entirely unconscious that her husband's eyes were following her as were the eyes of many another. More than one noticed and spoke that day of the sudden metamorphosis which Mrs. Clifford had suddenly undergone.

Miss Merlin was quick to note the admiration evinced in the husband's eyes; and trembling, lest after all her toils, her most difficult victim of the season should escape her, she strove with a fresh array of blishments to eclipse the rival which had so suddenly appeared in the field.

CHAPTER II.  
There was a ball at one of the most fashionable hotels. Mrs. Clifford commanded any amount of attention—indeed, Miss Merlin and herself were generally

conceded to be the belles of the evening.

Miss Merlin's brilliant brunette complexion was softened down by her dress of maize color, profusely trimmed with lace. Her black, satiny hair was ornamented with a wreath of azaleas of the creamy hue, skillfully interwoven with glossy green ivy leaves, and sprays of exotic grasses.

Julia with exquisite taste, had arranged a few moss rose-buds in her hair, and her lace tunic was looped up with the same flowers over a blossom colored silk. She evidently enjoyed the attention she received; and her husband looked on in amazement to see how thoroughly his advice had been carried out. It annoyed him, however, to see her conversing with Colonel Rooway, who had arrived that day, a man noted for his affairs of the heart, and one whose principles were said to be none of the best. Miss Merlin exerted herself to the utmost, and she really was very charming; but still Horace's eyes would follow his wife.

All through that long, long evening, Col. Rooway was constantly by Julia's side. She even walked with him—a privilege which Horace had never expected to see her bestow upon a stranger. At length he missed them from the crowd. Miss Merlin, cognizant of his absent-minded mood, soon deserted him for a livelier cavalier, and Horace, scarcely conscious of a motive, wandered out into the grounds.

He threw himself into a garden chair, and reviewed in his mind Julia's conduct for the past few days. He had never imagined such a literal fulfillment of his expressed wishes. Could it be possible that she was estranged from him? He acknowledged to himself that he could not blame her if she was, for his whole course for the last few weeks had been calculated to induce such a state of feeling. Since their conversation she had treated him with studied coldness, and after the reproaches he had then administered to her for her devotion to him, he felt that it would ill become him to endeavor to bring about the old state of things. He heard approaching footsteps. In the shade of the clump of evergreens he was not discovered.

It was Julia, leaning on Col. Rooway's arm, who approached.  
It was her voice that said,  
"I am so glad that you come this week. Now I shall have plenty of time to arrange it all, just as I wish to. Do you think my plan a feasible one?"

Horace listened breathlessly for the answer.  
"They have known each other before," he thought.  
"I do my dear Mrs. Clifford. You may trust me to execute my part without exciting suspicion; but you—I am afraid you will betray yourself."

They had passed on, and Horace could not catch the answer. There was something about her husband would not suspect, if her looks did not reveal her emotions.  
Horace was puzzled.

That Julia should be on so good an understanding with Col. Rooway was incomprehensible. He did not doubt that she had arranged some little plan to rouse his jealousy; but that she should so far compromise herself as to confide her intentions to Col. Rooway was very mortifying to him. He could hardly believe it possible, and was ready to discredit his senses, so foreign was it to Julia's character.

He resolved that she should not have the satisfaction she anticipated, and, therefore, though anxious to know when her acquaintance with Col. Rooway had commenced, he did not even mention his name to her; but his dissatisfaction of her conduct showed itself in an increased formality of manner, and a forced politeness that was to Julia extremely amusing.

"Her game is dangerous one," thought Horace, "with such a man as Col. Rooway, but ten days cannot effect much harm, and as I am now on my guard, I shall not be surprised into any manifestations of jealousy."

The week passed away. Horace was quite cooled in his admiration of Miss Merlin. He had something else to engross his thoughts now. Julia's intimacy with Col. Rooway did not fail of attracting attention; but yet, it was of such a nature, that she escaped censure. They seemed to converse with the freedom of old friends; and not a glance from the eyes of either betraying any hidden feelings, could be detected by the most observant of critics.

Horace was every day more at a loss to discover the meaning of the words he had overheard. It was quite evident to him now that she was not trying to arouse him to jealousy, as he had at first suspected. Sometimes he fancied they might have referred in some incomprehensible way to Miss Merlin, particularly as he noticed that Col. Rooway daily increased his attentions toward her, still his perplexity was in no way lessened.

One morning they were again alone in their chamber.  
Julia had been up late the previous night, yet notwithstanding she had arisen early; arrayed herself in one of her most becoming morning dresses, and was evidently on the tip-toe of expectation—now at one window, now at another. Her husband, under his usual pretence of reading, watched her narrowly.

At length a servant brought her a bouquet, with Col. Rooway's compliments. Julia, under the pretext of arranging it in a vase of fresh water, turned her back to her husband, and unwinding a slip of paper from around the stem, read the lines that were traced thereon.

It did not escape Horace's notice: not the glow which mantled her cheeks and lovely eyes as she crushed the paper between her palms, and turned away from the flowers.

Horace coughed.  
"Hem. Mrs. Clifford, I suppose you are aware of Col. Rooway's known character, and the injury that it may be to you to receive such marked attention from him as you do."

"Indeed," answered Julia, looking really surprised. I have never heard anything against him; and I have known him for many years. Something 'they say' here, I suppose; but you have already instructed me as to the degree of credence to be placed in such reports; and I am sure you would not have me give up the society of a gentleman of decided talent, for that of the insipid, brainless youths that are so common here."

"You can exercise your own discretion about it," said Horace, walking to the window, whistling as he walked.  
"I intend to," said Julia, smiling roguishly; "and I would rather that you did not read me any lectures; for, of course, 'when we are at Rome, we must do as the Romans do.'"

Oh, I understand; but you have mistaken your man if you think to make me jealous. I have not a spark in my composition. But take care you do not get caught in your own toils."

Julia said not a word, but she looked embarrassed, and fell to plaiting the broad hem of her pocket handkerchief.  
Horace prepared himself to go down.  
"Will you ride this morning?" he said.  
"No, thank you," she answered, blushing. "I have an engagement."

"Very well. I will visit Miss Merlin." Julia turned round to the flowers to conceal a smile. "If this is not jealousy," she thought, "it is something very like."

Horace stooped quickly and picked up the scrap of crumpled paper which she had dropped. When she turned around he had gone.  
As Horace went down stairs he smoothed the paper out and read,  
"Too late last night. Everything arranged now—eleven o'clock precisely."

"What can this mean?" he said to himself. "What folly is under way now? I wish with my whole heart that we were back at Ashlea. Silly child! I should never have dreamed that she could so involve herself. Hang that Col. Rooway—I wish he was at the bottom of the Dead Sea."

The objects of his thoughts was nearer to him than he could have imagined. He heard his voice upon the piazza.  
At that moment he came in sight—Horace barely had time to notice that the gentleman with whom he was conversing was a very elegant, distinguished-looking individual, when Col. Rooway advancing, presented him as Claude Grosvenor.

"You are entitled to a cousinship, I believe Mr. Clifford, through marriage. Am I not right, Mr. Grosvenor?"  
"I never had a cousin that was as dear to me as Julia," answered Mr. Grosvenor, frankly, "and I am happy to have come across her again in my wanderings. It has been several years since we have met."

Horace had heard of this cousin, and he felt vastly relieved by his unexpected appearance. Hoping his presence would have the effect of bringing Julia to her senses, he greeted him with great cordiality.

The result was that they were favorably impressed with each other.  
At length Horace volunteered to call his wife.  
Both Col. Rooway and Mr. Grosvenor objected. They had an engagement."

"It will detain you a moment," said Horace. "And I know she will be so agreeably surprised." He left the room before either of the gentlemen had opportunity to answer.  
"Julia," he said, bursting in upon her, and quite forgetting his lofty, distant manner. "Your cousin, Claude Grosvenor, is down in the parlor waiting to see you a moment. He is in great haste, for he has an engagement."

He was amazed at the effect of his words.  
Julia had at first turned pale, then scarlet, and now with head bowed in her hands, was sobbing like a child.  
"Oh, his coming interferes with your plans," thought Horace. Every tear was to him a proof of her indiscretion, if not her guilt. "So they only prove salutary tears, and bring her back to me before it is too late. Who would have thought one little week could have so changed her. Fool that I was to wish her different, with her sweet, winning ways, and her lovely devotion to me. I have no one but myself to blame for my folly."

"I do not understand this, Julia," he said, gravely.  
"Oh, Horace, I cannot see him now—indeed I cannot. Wait until you come home from your drive. Do let me alone now."

"Very well," answered Horace; but as he closed the door he mentally resolved that he would solve this new enigma before he left the house, if possible. In no way could he account for her emotion, than by supposing that Julia had foreseen that her cousin's arrival would interfere with her plans, whatever they might be. He repelled the thoughts that crowded fast upon him; but they were not so easily disposed of, and Horace Clifford began to feel himself a much injured man. Upon his return to the parlor, he found that Mr. Grosvenor had gone to fulfil his engagement; and Col. Rooway had remained to apologize for the unavoidable

absence of his friend. "It was an engagement made with a lady," he said.

"Nothing else would have prevented his availing himself of the opportunity of seeing his cousin."  
"And now Mr. Clifford," continued Col. Rooway, "what say you to a drive? We shall be back before the heat of the day."

Horace declined.  
Col. Rooway proposed billiards, the pistol gallery and a walk to the springs, with the same success. He was evidently as anxious to enjoy Horace's society as Horace was to see him take his departure. He must have known this, yet he lingered on, talking of races, speculations, Cilefornia; and for all that, Horace did not just then care the loss of a copper. It was after twelve, when Horace found himself alone and at liberty to go back to his room, as he had all along been desirous of doing. He determined now to demand of his wife an explanation of her conduct; to tell her what he had overheard and accuse her of having made an appointment with Col. Rooway at eleven that night. He would try to talk calmly and dispassionately with her, and even be generous enough to retract the unpleasant things which he had said. Full of these wise resolutions he went to his room. But Julia was not there. He took a book and awaited impatiently for her. One o'clock struck; he walked the chamber, every moment growing more uneasy. It was nearly two, when remembering that Julia was in the habit of spending a portion of her mornings in Mrs. Corydon's parlor, he crossed the hall for the purpose of ascertaining if she were there.

Mrs. Corydon was an invalid, and had been an old friend of Julia's mother. When Horace reached the door he turned back; for what excuse had he for disturbing his wife even were she there.

He had gone but a few steps when the door opened, and looking back he saw his wife and her cousin coming out. One glimpse of her radiant, innocent face rebuked him for the suspicions he had been indulging; and made him feel the impossibility of broaching to her the subject of his morning's meditations.

Horace now watched anxiously for the evening. Toward sunset Claude and Julia walked up to the springs together. Horace proposed a stroll in the same direction to Miss Merlin, but she was engaged to drive with Col. Rooway. So Horace was again left to his own cogitations.

The evening found them all in a circle in the drawing room. Julia had grown quite negligent of Col. Rooway. Her cousin engrossed her whole attention. Miss Merlin, with the same fickleness, had transferred all her smiles to the attractive colonel, and Horace on this occasion really felt himself to be the black sheep of the flock.

At half past ten, Col. Rooway excused himself and took his leave. "Now," thought Horace, "Julia will begin to manifest some uneasiness." His chat with Miss Merlin did not prevent his keeping an eye upon her; but to his great surprise, eleven o'clock came and went, without claiming the least notice of its departure.

CHAPTER III.  
The more that Horace saw Julia and Claude together, the less pleasure did he feel at the renewal of their acquaintance. Her flirtation with Col. Rooway was entirely at an end. He would even gladly have seen it renewed, for no one could have mistaken the state of their feelings toward each other; while now, Horace was compelled to believe that between Julia and her cousin there was more affection hidden than manifested. Their tell tale eyes often revealed more than either of them were aware. Yet, there was nothing with which he could openly find fault. Claude's manner, although extremely fond, was deferential. He seemed to look upon his cousin with pride, numberless were the ways in which he showed his attention to her wishes and comfort. The flowers, which every evening adorned her hair, were exotics which he brought her, and never a morning that the vase in her chamber was not replenished with a new bouquet.

Julia received all his kindness with such modest sweetness of manner, that Horace was foiled in his attempt to discover a cause for reproach. But recalling her agitation the morning that he told her of his arrival, he felt convinced that there had been some love affair between them in the past, which for a time had slumbered, and now was in danger of being re-kindled.

With much relief he welcomed the arrival of the day fixed upon their return to Ashlea. To his great surprise he found that Claude was to accompany them. Had he received any previous intimation, he would have objected, but it was too late now.

The evening of the same day found them at their own home.  
Julia, no longer restrained by the presence of strangers, gave full vent to her feelings. Only one thing was wanting to perfect her happiness—her husband's smile. Fully conscious of the cause of his gloom, and thinking that the lesson she taught him would be one that he would never forget, she determined upon confessing to him the deception she had practiced, without waiting for the proofs of jealousy, which it had been her intention to do.

Horace was out giving some orders to the gardener, and Julia communicated her intention to Claude.  
"I am heartily glad of it," said Claude. "Had you not told me that you had some strong motive for desiring the conceal-

ment, I should never have consented.

Rooway seemed to consider it only a joke; and I did not think it best to undeceive him." He put his arm around Julia's waist and kissed her as he spoke.  
As they looked up, their eyes encountered Horace's flashing on them from the doorway.

Claude had the impudence to laugh; but Julia springing up, with mock gravity curtsied, and said, "My brother—Charles Grosvenor Gray."

Horace, puzzled and surprised, advanced a few steps; then finding himself the victim of a hoax, despite the warning he had had, he endeavored to make the best of it; and yielding to the contagion of his brother-in-law's laugh, he joined in it as heartily as a man could, who was laughing at himself.

It all came out now; and Julia's brother for the first time heard of Horace's and Miss Merlin's passing penchant; and the conversation it had given rise to, in which Horace had declared that no matter how desperately his wife flirted, he should never think of being jealous.

Horace was obliged to confess that jealousy was not an agreeable 'guest of the heart,' as he had learned by experience; and he was in turn enlightened as to the connection which Col. Rooway had borne in the hoax. The colonel had come over from Liverpool in the same steamer with Mr. Gray, and had been the first to inform Mrs. Clifford of her brother's arrival, and of the time when he would probably join her. The idea had at once presented itself to her, of introducing him to her husband as one of her southern cousins, of whom he had often heard her speak. This she thought would give her the opportunity of testing the sincerity of what he had said to her. She had requested Col. Rooway's co-operation, and he had consented for the joke of the thing, without suspecting her deeper motive. Mrs. Corydon was also in her confidence. The bulletin which Horace had picked up was simply to inform Julia that her brother had arrived too late the previous night to admit of his meeting her in Mrs. Corydon's room, as it had been arranged; but at eleven that morning he would be there.

Neither of them would have been able to have disguised their feelings in a first interview; and Horace now saw that his wife's agitation at hearing that her brother was below, had been the natural consequence of feeling the impossibility of conquering her emotions.

"So you really confess to having felt jealous," said Julia.  
"Fairly caught," answered Horace.  
"And now when you remind me of 'cousin Kate,' I am to remind you of 'cousin Claude.' Is it not so?"

Horace consented to the compromise; and Julia feeling herself fully reinstated in her husband's heart, was happier than ever. Horace has never been since A BIT JEALOUS.

A Good Recommendation.  
"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"  
"I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh sir I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old." "But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home here?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir, my father died and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."

"Well, sonney, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without those."

Here was a dumper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teacher, or from some proper person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now what should he do? He stood in deep thought, and captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank page and read:

Presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher."

Capt. McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said;

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your mother."

At the burning of the steamer William Knox, on the Ohio river, recently, a woman jumped overboard with a babe. She came to the surface, and, taking the babe's hand in her mouth, thus held it out of the water while she attempted to paddle ashore. A man plunged in after her, and by strong efforts succeeded in getting the mother to where the water was shallow enough to allow them to touch bottom. "Do not bite its hand now; you are safe," said the man to her while they were wading ashore. She took the child's hand from between her teeth, and simply said, "You do not know a mother, sir." Scarcely a print of the gentle mother's hold on the poor infant's hand was perceptible.

A Yankee in Iowa has taught ducks swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs.